A War Prophecy and its Fulfilment, page 1996.

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THE BULLY: ALAS, MY POOR BROTHER!

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

How the War Keeps King George Busy.

The King and Queen have been taking a little holiday at Sandringham, though it wasn't much of a holiday, for his Majesty was on the 'phone every few minutes, little being done on sea or land without his Majesty's knowledge. Anxiously the King awaits the hour for the intervention of half-a-dozen other Powers in the European war. Subtle machinations on the part of Germans in all parts of the world, of which the British public has never heard a word, are to King George as familiar as are the letters of the alphabet. The revelations of our own Secret Service are his Majesty's daily "food for thought," and these are not confined to the deep-laid plans of active German generals on the Aisne, but include the schemes for the confusion of Old England in the remotest parts of the earth, from Mexico to Cape Town, from Tokio to Buenos Aires. Spain, of course, occupies his Majesty's very close attention, for titbits of diplomatic chicanery from that quarter are amongst the most frequent of the things the little bird whispers in the King's room at Sandringham.

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War Secrets of the King's Sanctum.

Few people know, perhaps, that there is more than the charm of the climate in the plan by which so many troops are retained in the south of France. Fewer people even realise that it is not all love for England that makes the Portuguese so keen on butting in in the war. Precisely why the three Scandinavian Kings met in Malmoe is something totally unsuspected by the people of this country. The strange errand that took the Queen of Sweden to the Kaiserin in Berlin would amaze most people if they knew. The secret reasons why Roumania does not attempt to achieve her ambitions in Transylvania, now that she has her golden opportunity, are totally unsuspected outside the King's own sanctum and those of his immediate entourage. But, more than all, not half-a-dozen living souls know to-day the Secret Plan by which (it is hoped) Germany is to be got on her back when Lord Kitchener's army goes abroad in May!

* * *

"The Biggest Thing in Military Strategy."

Nor can I tell you. I only know it is the biggest thing in military strategy that has ever happened. These are but a thousandth part of the hourly concerns of our untiring and serious-minded Sovereign. In between his attendance upon these grave State affairs, his Majesty, who is in khaki at six every morning, is ready to go to any hospital or camp, where a farewell has to be said, or a little comfort brought to soldiers stricken in the war. Next week the troops in East Anglia will see a lot of his Majesty, and on his return to town the King will pay a visit to the King Edward Hospital for Officers in Grosvenor Gardens, where his Majesty is now quite a familiar personality.

* * *

George West, Mrs. Pat Campbell and the Camera Fiend.

Mention of our Secret Service reminds me that poor old George West is frightfully angry because somebody has been alleging that he was "shot in England as a spy." George West is one of those good sorts whose misfortune it has always been to be "misunderstood." Sometimes the "misunderstanding" annoys him terribly. I saw a delightful instance of this once. It was the day his marriage with Lady Randolph Churchill was terminated with the "absoluteness" of the *decree nisi*. Two hours after, with not a word to any living soul, a simple taxi drew up at the Registry Office in Marloes Road, Kensington, and two smart people alighted, and went indoors.

* * *

So Very Modest.

They were George Cornwallis-West, brother of Princess Pless and the Duchess of Westminster, and Mrs. Pat Campbell! You'd never have thought it; they seemed so modest, and anxious not to be noticed. A few minutes later the pair emerged, looking pleased and self-complacent, and the taxi had just started off when a click called George's attention to the fact that a camera fiend from one of the papers had just secured a very useful "exclusive."

George West was furious. Having threatened the newspaper man with "another place," and being sullenly defied, he jumped up, snatched hold of the fellow's camera, and off went the taxi, with George waving the camera aloft as a trophy. He thought not a soul knew about his little affair with "Mrs. Pat," but, lor' bless you, all Fleet Street knew about it. But that has always been George's luck. He is always "misunderstood." None the less, he is a real good chap, and the men who were with him in Antwerp will tell the story of his undaunted leadership as long as they live. Nevertheless, he was sure he would be misunderstood, even over the Antwerp business. And he was right!

* * *

Two Remarkable Women of 1915.

It is, of course, *infra dig* to tell what you hear of the conversation of Royal personages, and good taste debars one, naturally enough, from mentioning what takes place between the Royalties and their subjects. So I must not say anything about the things Princess Henry of Battenberg said to Lady William Cecil at the Dudley Galleries in Piccadilly last week. The *raison d'être* of the meeting was a view of Lady William's water-colour drawings of Palestine, Egypt, and British Columbia, for her Ladyship (who is a Peeress in her own right as Baroness Amherst of Hackney) has been a tremendous traveller, and is a woman of much distinction and courage. Her husband, Lord William Cecil, belongs, of course, to the Exeter branch of the Cecil family, and she has never been to Hatfield in her life.

There was a difference of thirty years in the ages of those two sons of the great Lord Burleigh who founded the families of the Marquess of Salisbury, of Hatfield, and the Marquess of Exeter, of Burleigh-House-by-Stamford-Town, and ever since the two families have been almost unknown to each other. Curious, isn't it?

* * *

The Mothers of the Heroes of the Aisne.

But to come back to the gossip between Lady William Cecil and Princess Henry. It really was too pathetic, and I should love to tell you what they said. But I daren't. You see, both these charming women have lost their best-loved sons in the war, and the confidences they exchanged should be sacred to all who heard them. And so they shall be. Perhaps, long years after they are dead and gone, the little things that matter to the war's bereaved mothers—Royal or noble—may be worth putting down. But only then! It was a really touching sight, these two handsome women in the fifties, in unrelieved

The Colonel: "What, smoking! Don't you know that Scouts mustn't smoke or swear?"
The Nipper: "Oh, that rule was made before the war. Now we are supposed to be training for the Army."

black for their dear ones, telling the things that happened on the Aisne as vividly as if they had seen them with their own eyes. Ah, it is only in such moments that one really gets an insight into the power of a woman's love for her own offspring.

* * *

Famous English Dukedom Doomed.

There is a sad lack of joyousness about Apsley House since the new baby was born. Had it been a boy, all might have been well, in spite of the mourning for the child's father, for a baby heir to the Dukedom of Wellington would have been born. The Duke of Wellington, it is true, had four sons, and there is still plenty of time for heirs to be born to this historic title. But up till now the Duke's eldest son, Lord Douro, has only a daughter by his millionairess wife; Lord Richard, who was killed on the Aisne, left only one daughter and his posthumous child born last week is also a girl; the third son, Lord Gerald, married Lady Scarborough's daughter by her first husband last May; and the younger son is unwed. And there are absolutely no collateral relations of the Duke of Wellington who are in remainder to the Dukedom.

* * *

Five Brothers who all won Coronets!

On the other hand, the Earldom of Mornington, which is still held by the Duke of Wellington, has a dozen heirs living, so the failure of the Dukedom will not make our peers less in number. The great Duke of Wellington was the third son of the first Earl of Mornington—a family which has produced some very hot stuff, notably the Earl Cowley of to-day, and his nimble, scene-painting son, Lord Dangan. Lord Cowley's great-grandfather was brother to both the Duke of Wellington and the Marquess Wellesley. This remarkable family had five brothers who all scored peerages in their own right. Their genius for managing the country seems to have singularly declined in the last century.

* * *

What Wellington Did For England.

The Duke of Wellington of to-day is best known for having had his face chopped (in paint and canvas) by the Suffragettes at the Royal Academy last year. Nevertheless, it would be a source of sincere regret if the dukedom failed, for the Wellington family have always enjoyed the very sincere respect of their countrymen. What the Duke did for this country is now almost forgotten, though it seems a scandal that one should be compelled to admit it. The people of his day and generation did not forget it, however.

* * *

Wealth and Poverty of the Wellington Family.

They could not make enough of "Old Nosey," and besides Strathsfieldsaye, for which the nation gave £263,000, the sums voted for the Duke amounted to over £600,000, not to speak of places and "perks" that brought him in several thousands a year, and his estate at Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain, which the Spanish Government presented to him, as well as making him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a grandee of the first class. Next to Marlborough and Napoleon, Wellington was the best-paid soldier who ever lived. Yet the Duke of to-day is a comparatively poor man, and his son, Lord Douro, is married to Miss Coats, of the millionaire cotton-thread family of Dundee. Belgium made the Duke of Wellington Prince of Waterloo in 1815.

* * *

Great Soldiers always lose their Only Sons.

How it happened that all these high-sounding titles were conferred upon the great Duke without their having been heritable by the females of the family I cannot understand. Probably it was because the great Duke was well supplied with heirs. Anyway, the Dukedom seems now like to come to an end during this century. The Dukedom of Marlborough, too, would have terminated long ago if it had not been made heritable by the great Duke's daughter, for his only son died prematurely, just as did the only sons of Napoleon, of Napoleon III., of Lord Roberts, and of so many other great soldiers.

The famous Italian, General Garibaldi, has lost two sons in the present war in France; the French Prime Minister, M. Viviani, has lost his second son; our Duke of Abercorn has lost his brother, Lord John Hamilton; and the

English heiress of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos has lost her son, the Master of Kinloss; while half-a-dozen German princes have been slain.

* * *

A War Prophecy and its Fulfilment.

Lord Burnham, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, has been turning up his reminiscences, and putting in a lot of ancient history which purported to be a four-hours' conversation with Bismarck by one of the *Telegraph's* correspondents. The article is singularly inapplicable to the present crisis, and the fact noted by so many of the commentators that Bismarck never forgot that he was talking (through the journalist) to the British public, is quite obvious. But the *Daily Telegraph's* proprietor is over eighty, and lives in the past, and apparently thinks his readers do likewise. There is, however, one line in the Bismarck interview which interests us.

* * *

Time Proves Bismarck a Prophet.

The conversation between William Beatty Kingston and Bismarck took place in 1867, and Bismarck spouted "Peace" for all he was worth. Said he to the London journalist: "There is nothing in our attitude to annoy or alarm France. I think, barring accidents, there is nothing to prevent the maintenance of peace for ten or fifteen years, by which time the French will have got accustomed to German unity, and will consequently have ceased to care about it.

* * *

Germany will not Crush France, but will Ruin Herself.

"I told our generals this spring . . . 'If you can make it as clear to me *as that God be* that we can crush France and occupy Paris, I will still do all I can to prevent war; for you must remember, gentlemen, a war between such near neighbours and old enemies as France and Prussia, however it may turn out, is only *the first of at least six*, and supposing we gained all six, what should we have succeeded in doing? Why, in ruining France, certainly, and most likely ourselves into the bargain! Do you think a poor, bankrupt, starving, ragged neighbour is as desirable as a wealthy, solvent, fat, well-clothed one? France buys largely of us, and sells us a great many things which we want; is it to our interest to ruin her completely?'"

* * *

Third War will be Germany's War of Revenge against Britain.

Less than three years after Bismarck spoke those words he had marched into Paris as conqueror, and the *first of the six* wars which he prophesied had brought France to the dust. Now the second of these wars has begun. When will it end? That is what all the world wants to know—neutrals and belligerents alike. God only knows! But one thing is certain. The end of this war, come when it will, will see the immediate preparation of Germany for a further war of revenge upon England, as soon as she can rake up a *casus belli* in which France and Russia will not participate. And then it will be Old England fighting with her back to the wall. To-day it is our unfortunate Allies—Belgium, France and Russia, who have suffered most of the sorrow and devastation of this terrible war. So let us keep our swords sharp, even after peace is declared.

* * *

"The Cream of our Old Nobility."

Old Lord Feversham was an unconscionable time in dying, for his family had been called to his bedside at

THE CYNIC.

"When were ye married, Liza?"
"In July. The fightin' began just when our 'oneymoon ended."
"Ah, that's allus the way!"

THE ADVENTURES OF A SENTIMENTALIST.
He Pays a Visit to His First Love.

least half-a-dozen times in the last two years in expectation of his demise. He was in his eighty-sixth year, and he had no end of trouble while on his death-bed. His family always were troublesome, although he was so mightily proud of them. He never forgot he was grandfather to a Duke. Lord Feversham was one of the luckiest men in Britain, but he was wrapt up in himself. His property in Yorkshire contains more slums than any other similar township in this country.

The new Lord Feversham has two infant sons, and their mother is the once well-known Lady Marjorie Greville, Lady Warwick's eldest daughter. All these people are the cream of our old nobility, for though the Feversham earldom is only now in its second generation, the Duncombes have been amongst our untitled aristocracy for several centuries, while their place in Yorkshire is one of the loveliest houses in Britain

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Four Famous Sisters.

Old Lord Feversham used to be known as the father of the four handsomest girls in Britain. This, of course, was an exaggeration, but they were a handsome quartette without a doubt. The eldest became the mother of the present Duke of Leinster, who is still in the twenties, but will always be an invalid. The other three daughters of Lord Feversham are Lady Cynthia Graham, Lady Ulrica Baring, and Lady D'Abernon. The latter has been better known for the last twenty years as Lady Helen Vincent, and wife to our former financier at Constant., who got a peerage as "Lord D'Abernon" not many months ago.

* * *

The Noble Flapper Turns Studious.

The Duncombe girls all cut splendid figures at the balls which the Tenth Hussars used to give when they were stationed at York, and one still has delightful memories of a famous cotillon there, in which Lady D'Abernon, Lady Cynthia Graham, Viscountess Downe, and another opened an evening's dancing. The youngest of the four Duncombe girls, Lady Ulrica, was then not out, and unable to appear at the ball.

* * *

Lady "Mush" in the Mean Streets.

She was known to her friends as Lady "Mush," and she turned out to be the spiritual-minded member of this fast family, and several years before she married Lieut.-Col. Baring, she decided to quit the world, entered herself at Girton, and developed into a deeply-studious and distinguished girl graduate. To this day she finds time to trouble about the poor, though, of course, marriage has provided her with something to think about nearer home. But Lady Ulrica is not forgotten in many a mean street.

* * *

A Peer the Papers Didn't Know.

Lord Estcourt, who died during the week, had the curious distinction of earning a purely official obituary, for not one of the papers could say why he was made a peer. Nobody in town knew his Lordship, although he was familiar and respected by everybody down Gloucester way. Lord Estcourt represented one of those old West-Country families who do noble work which but rarely meets with its deserts in town, owing to their refusal to advertise, and their remoteness from the seats of the mighty. The representative of the ancient Estcourt family went into Parliament for North Wilts forty years ago, and having represented his constituency for a decade, became sufficiently well known and honoured to win the regard of the other Wiltshiremen, notably Lord Lansdowne and Walter Long, and hence his peerage, which came to him as a purely personal mark of honour just upon twenty years ago. Lord Estcourt was a great sportsman, and unless my information is sadly inaccurate, his will will not be in proportion to his inheritance. If he had lived long enough, Lord Estcourt would have ruined himself over hunting. Only old age saved him from that unfortunate plight. There has never been a more respected figure in the Badminton country, anyway.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE BLOOD THAT TELLS.

Looking at the population of the British Isles at the present time, and wondering what history will say as to the part its several sections took in the great war, one is sometimes a little perplexed. There are so many sections—a dozen or more of them, probably, if one went into close analysis. And each of them is so difficult to get at intellectually, so difficult to sum up, that we who are living at the time of the great war are perhaps glad to leave the difficulties of the problem or problems to the historians of the future, who will, at any rate, have a little more leisure for the job than we have at the present busy time.

And yet, roughly speaking, I think we can divide our population into three great classes without making much of a mistake; and it is very interesting, after many months of warfare, to ask the question and attempt to answer it—What has each class done, and what is each class doing? My three rough classes are the genuine aristocracy (in which I include the great county families), the commercial class, and the working-man class. There is also, of course, the professional class. But this really contains so many elements of all classes, that I leave it out to-day in the rough analysis I am making.

Taking the aristocracy first, it must be said at once that the way in which they have "risen" to this war is one of the triumphs of British character, and will certainly, when the war comes to be judicially considered in the future, be the admiration of historians. And I say this, not as a writer who has ever had the least inclination to overrate our aristocracy, but perhaps rather the reverse. Our aristocracy has done many things in the past (and even in the present) that were not altogether creditable to it. It has, for instance, done its share towards keeping the so-called common people down in the mud, while it, the aristocracy, soared high on wings of velvet towards the good things of the gods and goddesses. It has done this and a lot of other things of which it ought to be ashamed. But when it comes to a question of chivalry and bravery, our aristocracy is the greatest aristocracy in the world, and an institution (if it is an institution) of which we have good reason to be for ever proud. To mention one fact alone—one hundred and eighty peers of the realm are, or have been, on service during the war.

I very much doubt whether there is at the present moment a single aristocratic family that has not a relative, and a close relative, on active service. And if that is so, let us remember that the same statement cannot be made about any other class in the British Isles at the present moment. Oh, but, you say, the other classes are so much bigger. Yes, they are. But if you divide the other great classes into sub-classes (as you have to), even then I say that there is not one sub-class that can compare with the aristocracy in the active work that it is doing in the war. I cannot, of course, in a short article, go into this in detail. But you have only to examine the casualty lists and read the papers to see the evidence that is at my command.

I went to hear Lord Derby speak at a big recruiting meeting not so long ago. He told us, very modestly, what the members of his family were doing in connection with the war. He told us that every single close relative he had, except one, who was unwell, was fighting at the front, and that he would be doing the same if his doctor would let him, notwithstanding his age. Upon hearing this, a man sitting beside me said, "It's all very well for him to talk; he's frightened of losing his estates when the Germans come and swallow us up." Such an expression of opinion opens up, of course, a great question, and it is undoubtedly true that the aristocracy have more to lose than the average man if England is ever triumphantly defeated by any nation. It is undoubtedly true that a man like Lord Derby has a tremendous lot to lose. But only an idiot at the game of studying human nature would say that Lord Derby is working harder at recruiting than any man in England for selfish reasons. He doesn't want to lose his property, true. But we must remember that the sort of disastrous defeat in which he might lose his estates is practically impossible in modern civilisation, whatever it might have been in ancient times. Anyhow, I think I shall have nearly all my readers with me when I say that the chivalry and bravery that are being displayed by Lord Derby and his family at the present time are very largely due to the fact that they belong to a family that has been bred to chivalry and bravery and a sense of responsibility—a family that has never shirked its plain duty in time of national peril; could not shirk it, indeed, if it wanted to. For I am determinist enough to believe that we cannot entirely control ourselves in such a matter. What is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh, and in the spirit, too. And that is what we are seeing in our aristocracy to-day.

Taking a jump from the aristocracy to the working class (as it is rather stupidly called), what do we see? We see something that, in my opinion, is not a little wonderful. At the commencement of the war a well-known novelist, Mr. W. J. Locke, wrote to the papers attacking the working man for not rushing to the colours, and saying that the aristocracy were doing everything in the war. What a pity it is that some prize novelists are also prize idiots! Mr. W. J. Locke, charming writer though he is when he is playing in his own little yard, unfortunately talks through his face when he gets anywhere near public affairs. And in talking through his face on this auspicious occasion he libelled the working man. Statistics show that the latter, once fair provision was made for his wife and kiddies, enlisted as quickly as any man in England. And here again I must conclude, as I did with the aristocracy, that it is the breeding that does the trick. The masses of the people are bred to simple, noble sentiments, to patriotism, to fighting. Really, the peasantry of any nation in the last analysis of human nature, is nearer to the aristocracy in sentiment and feeling than any other of the many classes that come between. But the aristocracy must lead and the peasantry must be led—that is the vital difference. Superficial culture is not the vital difference. And from our old peasantry come what some people call the lower classes of the present day, but what I prefer to call the genuine working and fighting class that has fought and won so many of England's battles in the past, and is fighting and winning them to-day. I don't think the working class are shirkers in this war. I am sure they are not.

But there are shirkers. There are shufflers. There are cowards. There are financial sharks (with strapping sons) who would not only rob their own souls of any chance of honour either in this world or the next, but but would rob our soldiers and our soldiers' families at one and the same time. They are not all big sharks. They are little and big, all mixed up, and there are thousands of them all over the country. And the class to which these people belong is the middle one of the three which I have selected to comment upon. Their blood is full of money—not of honour and patriotism. And although it is true that these do not comprise the majority of the commercial class, that class must bear the additional burden of the fact that had it not been for the intense force of public opinion, and the institution of all sorts of dubious and childish devices to obtain men, very many of the recruits that we have from the commercial classes would not have been obtained. Large numbers of them are, in very truth, serving as partly-compelled men, and not, in the strict sense, as volunteers at all. And, worse than all, large numbers of them are still waiting—waiting, I suppose, till the clouds roll by. But, as Dr. Macnamara has told them on behalf of the Government, they will wait in vain. For they are, in their anxiety to be a nation of shopkeepers and not of soldiers, paving the way for the sure and certain day of which the *Spectator* speaks, when men who cannot see in the green fields and trees of England something of the romantic spirit of their forbears, will be forced across the sea to the land where the fields are of blood and the trees are the willows that shall weep through the centuries for the dying and the dead.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether Lord Haldane will be appointed one of the Peace Commissioners when the Kaiser gives in?

* * *

Whether the *Daily Telegraph* has increased Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's "lineage," now that he has got into Carey Street, with "no available assets"?

* * *

What the Duke of Newcastle has got to say to Sir John Lister Kaye's record in the City, and his liabilities of £137,000?

* * *

Is it true that the Duchess of Marlborough has recently had a tiff with her mother, Mrs. Belmont, and that they are not at present on "speaking terms"?

* * *

Whether the new American peeress, Lady Huntingfield, will be a visitor at a certain fine house in Northumberland shortly?

* * *

Whether the King told Mrs. Barnato anything about the famous "Barney" when she was presented to him at Brighton tne other day?

* * *

Is Princess Mary so knocked up with work over the war that she couldn't go to chapel last Sunday morning? And, if not, where is the Princess? And is she visiting in the country?

* * *

Would a "coal-box" be a suitable birthday present for the Kaiser on the 27th?

* * *

Whether trial by newspaper has not reached its extremest limit in the onslaught upon poor Lord Haldane and his "spiritual country"?

* * *

How Millicent Duchess of Sutherland and her gallant captain are getting along at the front?

* * *

Which of our dukes refuses to stand sponsor to the child of his brother at the front, through dislike of the child's mother?

* * *

If a few of the "Kitchener stories," silly and otherwise, that continue to get into print, hadn't better be more rigidly censored than at present?

* * *

How some of the prisoners captured by the French relish being "Morocco-bound"?

* * *

The identity of the popular author who is putting such a fantastic and exaggerated price on the sale of his autographs?

Maud: "Have you given up golf, then?"
Dora: "Yes, till the war's over. It's like swimming—no fun in it unless there's a nice boy to give you lessons."

Whether the Russian Black Sea Fleet had much at stake when it bombarded "Chops"?

* * *

Which of our dashing young cavalry officers is familiarly known among his intimates as "I Myself Personally," and why?

* * *

If we shall be sued for libel for asking why Miss Gladys Cooper "explains some beauty secrets" (with portrait) on the facing page of the *Telegraph*, which also explains at great length why she sued a contemporary for slander?

* * *

Why have so many of the celebrated "Sports Battalion" been dispensed with?

* * *

Whether Mr. Arthur Bourchier is not entitled to some sympathy in the failure of his "two-houses-a-night" experiment at the Garrick?

* * *

Who is the English author who has just discovered that an American writer has been making a small fortune by purloining his literary outpourings?

* * *

Was it not awkward for the Duchess when she thought she recognised the long-lost Pomeranian puppy in her friend's garden?

* * *

Do all the night clubs observe the no-drink-after-ten-o'clock rule?

* * *

Are not several K.C.'s experiencing serious financial difficulties owing to the war?

* * *

What is the nature of the strange new drug which has appeared in London, but *not* in the British Pharmacopœa?

* * *

Is not a famous politician connected with a smart card-club recently formed?

* * *

Is it true that great efforts are to be made in the near future to establish a new political party?

* * *

Why has nothing more been heard of the brisk fight between two smartly-dressed women near Coventry Street the other afternoon?

* * *

Whether Mr. H. B. Irving was not thoroughly well justified in publicly resenting the unprovoked reference to the memory of his late brother Laurence, in a recent and unpicturesque libel suit?

TABLOID TOPICS.

We presume the German Minister of Finance was sacked to make room for another Kuhn who is more adept in devising methods of "robbing the hen-roosts."

* * *

"Then Von Kluck emerged once more fresh" (*Observer*). Which seems to us proof positive that he was counting his chicks before they were hatched.

* * *

The Germans are denying the most material statements contained in the Russian Orange Book; but wild horses won't drag from us the retort that they've got the pip.

* * *

The General commanding the troops in Berlin has forbidden fortune-tellers to practise their art in connection with the war. As if they had any fortunes to tell about it!

* * *

A lady who heard that Maxim Gorky had joined the Russian Army, wanted to know whether our prize-fighters, Gunner Moir and Bombardier Wells, had also enlisted.

* * *

The *Gaulois* suggests that now is the time to start building the Channel Tunnel. We are afraid that the subject is too much of a bore to be taken up seriously just yet.

* * *

With Olympia and Earl's Court used as detention camps and hospitals respectively, the Thames Valley has thought it necessary to give us an exhibition of "Venice in London."

* * *

The announcement that the Bavarians are brewing beer in Belgium looks like a deliberate incitement to Mr. Jack Norworth to perpetrate another alliterative atrocity of the Sister Susie type.

* * *

Mr. Cozens Hardy, one of the *Daily News'* correspondents at the back of the front, describes the French Moroccans as "the Indians." So Kipling was evidently wrong, and East *is* West, after all.

* * *

We are told that many of the Kurds in the Turkish Caucasian Army "thought themselves brigands." The mistake was excusable in view of the "whey they've got in the Army" under German leadership.

* * *

A Paris periodical refers to a celebrated regiment as the Scaforth Highlanders. Next time he meets a Seaforth he'd better look out, or he'll be getting one on the e'e for himself.

* * *

Whether it was the Clown Prince, or General Von Kluck, or somebody else whose Christmas injunction to his troops was "Stick it!" it seems pretty evident that they will have to do the job without the assistance of very much gum Arabic

* * *

Our soldiers at the front report that they get plenty of cheese. Kitchener is evidently bent upon working on the lines of Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," where he appeals to Providence "Who made England mitey, to make it mityer still."

* * *

In the Battle of the Bend of the Aisne, as the war correspondents have dubbed the Soissons encounter, the Germans certainly seem to have caught the French bending, but we imagine our Allies will get their Aisne back before they are much older.

* * *

The Times agony: "Good bonus offered.—For certain reasons I require a (minor) foreign order or decoration. Can anyone help me?"

Yes; W. Hohenzollern and Son, of Berlin, still have a large stock of iron crosses, which they are disposing of at bargain prices.

ROUND THE CLOCK.

An Episode of the Trooping Days.

The compiler of the Company's Time-Table had described the train as an express, but this is the type of person that the Psalmist had in mind when he said in his haste, "All men are liars." But stay; let us be just. The train *may* have been known to do passable performances in the shadowy ages before the war, but now she reminded me forcibly of that storied paddle-boat on the Mississippi, which could never blow her whistle without having to anchor for half-an-hour to get up steam again; or of those crawling terrors which a wag of a porter at a suburban station used to herald as stopping at "All stations to the City—*and outside most of 'em!*"

It was midnight, an hour which, to convivial spirits round a festive board, is the middle of the afternoon. In a snail-like train, however, on a cold night which makes one yawn and yearn for a cosy cot in London town, it is appallingly, criminally late.

My only companion was a fashionably-dressed youth with whom I had exchanged words earlier in the journey. By this time, however, we were both bored well-nigh speechless. My fellow-traveller's features were wonderfully expressive, and would have served capitally as a speedometer to the train. When the latter rose to her maximum velocity—some twelve miles per hour—he would smile. As she gradually slowed up, the smile would fade from his lips, and while the brakes were bellowing preparatory to the full-stop, he would breathe a few well-chosen curses and close his eyes till we were again in motion. At last a happy thought struck him. He took a scrap of paper from his pocket, and began writing. The composition seemed to please him vastly, and when finally we reached the last station before the terminus, he pinned the screed carefully to the cushion, wished me a cheery good-night, and alighted. I took the liberty of examining his note, and set it down here verbatim:

To the General Manager of This Railway:

Honoured Sir,—

I travelled to-night on one of your trains from Puddlecombe to London, and words cannot express my gratitude to you for getting me safely within walking distance of the metropolis. If he who hesitates is lost, that train should have been a total wreck long before she got inside the four-mile radius. I understand that all your available coal was in use on other trains, which were conveying our brave troops, and it would be paltry in me not to commend your fine patriotism in giving our stoker old newspapers to burn. I got out of the train before the end of the journey, being anxious to reach home if possible before dawn, but when I left she was doing splendidly. She had only stopped thirteen times between ——— and ——— (both censored), and seemed likely to arrive in London on the stroke of time, or before it. Abstruse quibblers might argue, of course, that she was twelve hours late, but what can one say to such pusillanimous creatures?

Yours again with fervid thanks,

SILAS WAGG.

G. H. COLLINS.

The Duty and Discipline Movement has undertaken to mend tattered marriage lines for recruits. The secretary wishes it to be known that this courtesy cannot be extended to musical comedy ladies.

* * *

By a collision in the Thames the legs of the figure-head of a steamer were cut off and deposited on the operating table of a colliding hospital ship. But we are credibly informed that this is not the usual manner of getting one's sea legs, although this is often quite a painful operation.

"MODERN LIFE'S" GALLERY OF WAR CELEBRITIES.
No. 6.—Lieutenant-General Georges Leman, the Defender of Liege.

THEN AND NOW.

She was young and pretty, and more than a bit gay, and she had flirted whenever there was half a chance, and taken pretty presents with the barest thanks, and even in her more reckless moments allowed "boys" to pay milliners' bills.

She danced and sang in a fashionable chorus and didn't save a halfpenny, because it was impossible to save and look smart at the same time.

And then the halfpenny papers announced that war had broken out, and Phyllis did a feminine swear because three of her pet "boys" were officers, and were whisked away without any warning.

"How beastly the stalls will look," she said to her pal Jess. "There'll be an awful 'draught,' I'm afraid."

"My dear, keep your eyes on the notice-board," said Jess sombrely. "You'll soon see the old, old tale of the good old fortnight's pop."

"Well—who cares?" said Phyllis, taking off her hat, which had cost two guineas, and tickling Jessie's neck with the snowy osprey.

"I don't care," said Jessie. "But all the nice boys will be shot and wounded and everyone will be in mourning and everything upset. I wonder what will become of us?"

Phyllis put out a clenched fist.

"If you aren't more cheerful, Jess, I'll hurt you somewhere. The old war won't last . . . the Germans are sure to be frightened and give in."

"If I see a German waiter in any restaurant, I'll upset my supper over him immediately," Jess swore over her box of paints, and then kicked off her shoes and skirt, and the arrangement of white ninon and pink rosebuds which did duty for a petticoat.

Three weeks later the theatre had shut, and Phyllis was "broke." No longer could she send "express" letters and "wires," and taxi when it pleased the heavens to pour rain upon the city and the pretty girls doing their afternoon shopping in evening shoes of velvet and satin. Phyllis let off a choice accumulation of professional swear, and irritated her agent to the verge of ill-temper.

"There are no 'shops' going,' he reiterated. "And I daresay things will be quiet for months."

"You mean I shan't be playing for weeks and weeks?" she raged. "How absolutely, perfectly, beastly rotten!"

"You're not the only one, my dear," he reminded her.

Her admirers melted gradually away; some went to France, some enlisted and went to camps, and the flying men seemed to forget her utterly, and Phyllis had to pawn her pretty furs and some of her jewellery, but her native, insolent charm clung to her still.

"I'm not going to sit down and yelp," she assured everyone. "I *hate* those people who go about depressing everyone they meet. Something is sure to turn up."

But it seemed to Phyllis that the dark cloud absolutely refused to be silver-plated, as the proverb assures us, and she had nearly come to the conclusion that her life was at an end, when she got an engagement in a "revue."

But Phyllis had learned a lesson in her dark days, and when she was at work again, smiling her wickedest from the stage-right of the beauty chorus, clad in flags, she sought out Jess.

"Look here, old thing," she said—for Jess hadn't been so lucky—"I'm going to see to you a bit. You'll get your bit of luck all right one of these days, but in the meantime I'm going to 'cut' new clothes, and be sensible for once in my life, and here's ten bob for you."

When Tony Graves came home for a week's leave from the fighting, he sought Phyllis out by the simple and romantic means of a wire; but when he met her, he whistled in astonishment. Phyllis usually looked rather dashing, and this young person in a plain coat and skirt and a plain hat quite sobered him up.

"Where are your furs, kid?"

"'Pop,'" said Phyllis laconically; "and the bag and cigarette-case and the manicure-set you gave me, and heaven only knows what besides. You mustn't forget there is a war on."

"I'm not likely to," he said grimly. "I've seen it close to ——— and Phyllis, why didn't you write and tell me you were on the rocks?"

"Because I didn't," she said shortly. "I'd rather 'pop' my silk pyjamas than start writing to a fellow on a battlefield telling him mournful tales about being hard up."

"I thought you were swimming on famously," he said. "Your letters were real treats amongst the mud."

She pinched his arm, and made a grimace:

"And now, old dear, I'm in the front row of the chorus and all is well, and I want some tea and buns."

"Tea and buns?" he gasped. "Aren't you well? No fear, we'll go and have a jolly good feed at one of the gay old places. . . . I want a good dinner while I get the chance."

The smiles faded from her pretty face; he brought the battlefield very near.

"Oh well, come on," she said hastily. "There are no German waiters now, and that's a comfort."

He held her arm and dodged some traffic.

"If I get out of the war safe, will you marry me, Phil?"

Phyllis passed a hat-shop with her eyes shut.

"Yes," she said, "rather. One can't pick and choose nowadays."

"You rude devil," he returned. "Can't you say something nice to me? Look at me, Phyllis."

Her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Don't," she said. "I think I'm going to cry or something, Tony."

"Cry! Why, Phil? Because I want to marry you?"

"No," she said slowly; "because there's a war, and I may lose you."

He gripped her arm tighter.

"Let's go where there's a band playing," he said. "I know everything is rotten here, and out there, too . . . but all we can do is grin and bear it like the rest."

From the stalls he watched Phyllis dancing, and her smiles were all for him. When the curtain came down he made a memorandum on his programme, and it was simply this:

"Mem.—Ask Phil for the 'pop' tickets."

C. N.

Our cook supports the contention that the concealment of copper is quite a simple matter.

* * *

The Kaiser's "mania" has had various definitions. It now looks as though he will soon be troubled with Ruemania.

* * *

A buoy in the Solent formerly used by the Kaiser's yacht is marked H.I.M. Another of his boys might be labelled IT.

* * *

The people of Brussels are suffering greatly from the wet weather. Especially since the Germans captured their Max.

* * *

A cynic explains that in the case of his wife the phrase "going West" has meant empty pockets for him since the bargain sale began.

* * *

The Kaiser exercises himself by chopping wood. He will be greatly exercised when he tries to bury the hatchet in a month or two's time.

ROUGE AND RUFFLES.

Wanted—A Song.

I was interested to read somewhere recently that while Lord Kitchener—that bachelor of stone and iron—liked a song so sentimental as "Home, Sweet Home," Stevenson, whose home life was one of the most ideal possible, and who found an earthly Paradise in Samoa, with a most devoted wifely Eve in attendance, declared that both words and tune were an abomination, "an unjustifiable outrage on the emotions." I dislike the song myself—I don't know why exactly, except that it has always struck me as being full of bathos more than pathos—but I should have thought a home-bird like Stevenson would have forgiven the song for the sake of its meaning. One of the most difficult things in life to understand is the popularity of certain songs—"Tipperary," for instance, and that absurd "Sister Susie." And yet our soldiers prefer them to any of the martial rhymes that have yet appeared from the pen of distinguished writers. The words are foolish, the tunes mediocre, and yet Tommy sticks to them like glue. Surely somebody ought to be able to write a song for soldiers—a real song that would make the feet go as if by themselves, and the heart beat, and life laugh defiance at death, as the military men went by, something with a grip and a swing to it, and a chorus—a rousing chorus that would drown the highest note of "Deutschland über alles."

* * *

A Parisian Cerberus.

I hear that in Paris all those ladies minus their husbands are relieving the tedium by quarrelling violently with that Cerberus on the mat of every French *appartement*, the concierge. We who live in England will never know what a concierge is like, but our friends across the Channel have learnt from sad experience that the average concierge is second cousin to his Satanic Majesty. A concierge is vested with powers that, should he—or his wife—care to exercise them, and unless the tipping is good, enable him to make your life the reverse of a bed of roses. He—or madame—may give away every detail of your domestic life, send away your callers, inform your tradespeople you are on the verge of bankruptcy, strip you of every vestige of moral character, mislay your letters, forget messages—in short, generally play "old Harry" with you. And you have no redress. The Paris concierge is lord of all he surveys. So that it will be seen that Madame X of the first floor, and Madame Y. of the second, and Madame Z of the third, must find time hang dully indeed to venture on so desperate an encounter as to cross swords with their concierge. They, no less than their husbands, should they survive, will certainly deserve the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. But the concierge will win.

* * *

Their Month.

Somebody asked me the other day if I had read a book called "Their Month." I haven't, and I don't suppose I ever shall—a busy person like myself has no time for novel reading—but the two words rang pleasantly in my ears, with a cheerful little jangle as of windbells, all the way home. I suppose we all have a special month of our own to carry with us as a box of alabaster ointment all the rest of the empty years. Some other novelist writes of a whole world of romance that occurred in the short space of three weeks, and, indeed, happiness isn't a matter of time—it may come and go in five minutes—but I do think a month in a lifetime isn't too much to ask for. Four crowded weeks of glorious life spread over hundreds and hundreds of dull ones shouldn't be testing the generosity of the gods too much. Most of us seem to get it, anyway. I don't mind wagering there isn't an old maid, or a crusty old bachelor, or a saint or a sinner, or even the ordinary married person, who hasn't tucked somewhere far away out of sight a fragrant memory perfuming their lives. Happiness needn't necessarily have a happy ending, and romance does not need church bells to ring it in. Yes, we all have our month, you and I who meet in this page, the beggar in the street, the king in his palace.

* * *

Kings and Queens.

Talking about kings and queens, the new play of that name ought mightily to please all those of us—and there are many—whose greatest pleasure in life is to read about the doings of the great ones. What Royalty wears and eats and does is caviare to the suburban snob. The fashionable intelligence in the morning paper is meat and drink to her—the snob is generally a "her"—a scandal in the West—ah, ha!—is worth more than the price of a new bonnet, while her censure is tempered to the state of the social status of the erring. What would be glaring sin in Mrs. Brown next door is merely a little indiscreet perhaps in a duchess. To the snob, the inhabitants of the "Almanac de Gotha" (does this still exist, by the way?) can do no wrong. This being so, I can imagine her joy in "Kings and Queens." Here, for a trifling sum, she may not only read but see how kings and queens behave in real life—how Majesty dislikes her mother-in-law, and flirts with an undesirable young man, and wears diaphanous frocks and tangos—just like any normal girl in Suburbia. Extraordinary, isn't it, for Royalty to act like a human being instead of a sawdust puppet in a pantomime crowd! But all life is extraordinary, especially the ordinary one.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

She: "Every man wants a woman to look after him."
He: "Yes, and it's about the only chance they get of seeing him, now that all the men are going to the wars."

The Germans have captured Missy, on the Aisne, but will she solace the Kaiser's heart for the failure to seize Nancy, of whom he was so greatly enamoured?

BY THE WAY.

Some genius—so much of a genius, in fact, that he ought to be certified—has had the courtesy of print extended to him by the editor of an evening paper, which must be frightfully hard-up for something to fill its columns with, to observe that it is not surprising that the Indian Expeditionary troops are crocking-up in battalions as "the conditions in the trenches of Flanders are so vastly different from anything they have ever been used to." This is a sapient remark. May I be allowed to ask what troops on either side have had any previous experience of such conditions as now prevail? Some are used to extremes of heat, and some to extremes of cold; but whether he comes from a Punjab village or from Tipperary, there is not a man on service who has had practical knowledge of standing, on and off, for six weeks, up to the arm-pits in stuff which looks and feels like a mixture of pea-soup and chocolate blanc-mange. And, off-hand, I am not prepared to suggest any particular course of training to prepare the human body for such an ordeal.

* * *

The late Julius Cæsar was *not* exactly an armchair critic, but after several campaigns *he* gave it up as a bad job. Incessant physical-culture exercises did not render his conscripts immune from rheumatism and other fashionable complaints of to-day and yesterday, so he used to "go into winter quarters"—which is only another expression for seeing the sense of coming indoors out of the wet. The Kaiser, of course, knows better than J. Cæsar, and, from the seclusion of his smoking-room at Potsdam, ordains that both sides shall battle on under conditions which he does not care to face himself, and which were too "frightful" for the Romans. More kultur!

To get back to the Indians. There is no shadow of doubt that French's contemptible little lot provided exactly the right amount of stiffening to snooker the German onrush during the first few weeks of the war. And, in like manner, the Indian regiments stiffened the whole British force. They were called on virtually at a moment's notice, and right well did they respond. Having won on points in the first round, however, they thoroughly deserve, and no sane person should begrudge them, a breather before tackling the enemy again. I only echo the views of experienced Anglo-Indian officers when I say that these Eastern warriors, by being sent to the Riviera for a change of air now, will be worth next spring double what they would be if kept shivering in the blanc-mange for the next two months. Lots of Indians—Gurkhas and Pathans, for example—don't mind severe cold at all, so long as it is a dry cold; but wet and cold together will play the devil with their health and spirits. By the way, do you see that Professor Ehler, writing in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, notes that "the Sikhs form the bulk of India's Mohammedan population"? Sikhs not being Mohammedans at all, I suspect that somebody in the Shiny saw this apostle of kultur coming and filled him up; or perhaps he had been having a talk with Keir Hardie, the eminent Orientalist.

* * *

At West Hartlepool, this week, I met an infantryman who had been invalided home from France with about a pound of flesh missing from his left arm, thanks to shrapnel. A few days previously an orderly-room sergeant at the regimental depôt had asked him whether or not he would volunteer to return to the front if the option of staying at home or of returning were given him. "Put me down six times to go back," he had answered. I asked him about this enthusiasm, and the reason for it was interesting. "I was here (West Hartlepool)," he said, "during the bombardment, and it was fifty times worse than anything I went through in the trenches." So now you know what sort of hell our monitors have been giving the Huns along the dunes in Belgium.

* * *

When war broke out, you will remember, Great Britain commandeered a number of warships on the verge of completion in our dockyards for delivery to foreign governments. Among them a super-dreadnought which Chile wanted. Some of what may be called the "landlord's fixtures" in this vessel have been the cause of much innocent mirth among the blue-jackets. Various messes had their names engraved on the beams over the doors—a custom in vogue in our Navy, too, until recently. But the messes in the Chilean ships were named after Spanish and Portuguese celebrities, and some of the names are a rare mouthful for a British A.B. For generations navigating lieutenants and commanders in our service have been nicknamed "Vasco de Gama" by their shipmates—because they are navigators, of course; but in the ship I am talking about A.B.'s are in the habit of greeting their shipmates with a genial, "Hullo, Marco Polo!" or "What cheer, Christofero Colombo!" and so on. What would happen if British crews were ever quartered in Japanese or Russian ships I shudder to think. Back chat would be at a premium.

THOSE KILTS!

He: "What is it—a pin?"
She: "N-n-no! But don't you think we'd better dance. It's too cold in this corner to sit out."

Awful predicament of Jones, who has presented the National Relief Fund with a sovereign—in mistake for a shilling.

There are seventeen searchlights playing nightly over London. The other evening somebody counted eighteen. Somebody told somebody else, and somebody else told somebody of importance. The consequence was that at a given moment the next evening all searchlights were extinguished—all except one, that is. The ruse was successful, and the worker of the unauthorised searchlight located. I cannot help thinking that no harm would have been done, rather the contrary, if the result of the official inquiry on the subject were made known. I have not seen a single reference in the Press to the mysterious business.

* * *

After Soissons, I hope we shall admit that the French fight better than many of us thought they did. Among military men there has undoubtedly been a disposition to deem the "little Belgians" better fighters than the French. As an officer back from the front expressed it to me, "I can't stand their blooming red trousers." But *nous avons changé*, etc., and after that four-to-one fight for Soissons all things seem to be possible, and many things probable, that didn't before.

* * *

After the announcement, "No 'Varsity Boat-race this year," will there be any Oxford and Cambridge cricket match at Lords? I think *not*. For that matter, will there be any cricket season "within the meaning of the act"? There can't be a County Championship contest, surely. One county alone—I speak of Hampshire, where the soldiers and sailors come from—has twenty-three members of the team (*i.e.*, more than two elevens) at the front. Of other leading sides in the championship, Surrey, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Warwickshire, and Kent have been conspicuous in giving their best to their country, both amateur and professional.

* * *

Thousands of men are now employed by the Government who, but for the present upheaval, would never have seen the inside of a Government office. And the red-tape, of which they are having first-hand experience, causes no small interest. The "temporary clerks" engaged in the War Office and Admiralty are under the supervision of what are known as the "Second Class Division Clerks." They are provided with cups, saucers and spoons, all conspicuously marked with a Crown and G.R., as a cup of tea in the afternoon is as important a part of official routine as, say, the drawing of salary. Then each man is served out weekly with a hand-towel and a piece of soap—G.R. and Crown on the soap, too, if you please! But the old jibe about Government clerks resembling the fountains in Trafalgar Square, because they play from 10 to 4, is quite out of date. Government offices, from roof to cellar, are hives of industry at the present moment.

* * *

Lionel Mackinder has been killed in action, and I believe that a memorial of some kind is to be placed in the Green Room Club. The first shot he ever heard fired in anger was not in Flanders at all. It was at the Gaiety, during the run of "A Circus Girl." The incident occurred some few months after the murder of William Terriss by the madman Prince, and as a result the most astonishingly sensational rumours got a good start of the sluggard truth. Mackinder was singing a ditty of Adrian Ross and Ivan Caryll's called "Now you know your way!" when a potty individual in the shilling gallery loosed off an automatic pistol about the size of a ham at a gas chandelier which annoyed him. The shot went through the roof, and the man was "persuaded" Bow Street-wards. Mackinder never missed a note, in spite of the start the bang gave the audience and the "beauty chorus" behind the singer; and the play proceeded. How these things get about I really do *not* know, but in about half-an-hour the West End of London was talking of how a friend of the murderer Prince had had a pot-shot at Terriss's daughter, Ellaline, who has just returned to the caste of the play at the Gaiety. As a fact, Ellaline was not on the stage at the moment.

THE LOITERER.

Mr. Cur Hardie, it is stated, despite his recent illness, "is able to shake hands." Nothing doing!

* * *

"King Albert's Book" has been a great success. We must now endeavour to bring the Kaiser to book also.

IN STAGELAND.

The fact may be public property ere these lines are in print (but I think not) that arrangements are being made to exploit the veteran Arthur Roberts in an elaborate revival of "The Old Guard" at a West End house. I need not dwell upon the peculiar appropriateness of a revival at such a moment of so popular a drollery as "The Old Guard" proved in the long ago.

* * *

The discovery of Mr. Lees Smith, M.P., that Mr. Hubert Henry Davies is the "distinguished playwright and among the first six English masters of the art," who is acting as an orderly at one of the military hospitals in France, raises an interesting question as to who are the other five British dramatists referred to by the hon. member. May I venture to submit the names of Sir Arthur Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Bernard Shaw, Haddon Chambers, and Alfred Sutro?

* * *

Topicality indeed! The Stage Society announce that they will present "The Recruiting Officer," by George Farquhar, a dramatist who flourished when Queen Anne was on the throne, and who actually was a recruiting officer himself. Farquhar, who was a Hibernian "of doubtful parentage," wrote this play in 1706, the year when Marlborough and Eugéne won the great victory of Ramillies. To be exact, this quaint comedy was staged at Drury Lane on April 8, 1706.

* * *

Two more revivals and one original play are "coming along." The revivals are "Are You a Mason?" with which Arthur Chudleigh has decided to re-open the Comedy, and "A Chinese Honeymoon" (with Dorothy Minto and Marie George) at the Prince of Wales's. The new piece is from the pen of Mr. Claude Carton (who has published nothing for three years), and it is good news that Charles Hawtrey has secured it.

* * *

The death of Mrs. John Wood has removed a striking personality and an admirable comédienne. This venerable and venerated lady had lived in the reigns of William IV., Victoria, Edward VII., and George V., for she was born in 1833. Her stage experience went back to the 'forties, but many of us can remember her, in later life, in management at the Court, where "The Cabinet Minister" and "The Amazons" were among her successes—and later still at Old Drury. One of her memorable impersonations was the rôle of Lady Gay Spanker.

* * *

Talking of Death, who stalks abroad in the land nowadays, all our hearts go out to Miss Gracie Leigh (Mrs. Lionel Mackinder) in her bereavement caused by the killing of her gallant husband in the trenches in Northern France. A fine actor of Old Gaiety fame, Mr. Mackinder was one of the most notable among the many actors who have volunteered for active service.

* * *

"The Flag-Lieutenant" played to sixteen hundred pounds last week at the Haymarket. (But there is, of course, a salary-list of several hundred pounds per week.) And Cyril Maude, I learn from U.S.A., played "Grumpy" the week before last to a total of about £2,500. Prodigious!

* * *

Rudolf Besier's "Kings and Queens" has been produced at the St. James's to all the accompaniments of a popular success. The author justifies his queer title (which might even refer to a game of cards!) by calling half-a-dozen of his characters "King Frederick IV.," "King Richard VIII.," "Queen Charlotte, "Queen Elizabeth," "Prince Louis," etc. Many of my fellow-critics have been swift to note that this new comedy is utterly unlike Mr. Besier's previous work, and one of them declares that it is like nothing so much as Pinero. But does not a man sometimes "write away" from himself? I am thinking of "The Tyranny of Tears," which is assuredly not in the least like the other work of the author of "The Idler," "Captain Swift," and "John-à-Dreams."

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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

WARRANTED.

"Are these eggs as fresh as those I got here last month?" asked the regular customer at the quick lunch restaurant."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, who knew him; "yes, sir. Some of the very same lot, sir. We've been saving them for you."

* * * *

"I see there has been still another change in the leadership of the Austrian Army."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, retreat has become general."

* * *

A PRACTICAL TEST.

"Then," said the neophyte, "you advocate marriage?"

"Of course," said the stoic philosopher. "Without marriage, how can a man tell whether he is really a stoic or not?"

* * *

THE WHYFORE.

Elsie: "Why does your husband speak of you as his right hand?"

Mrs. Ray: "Give it up, unless because he never lets his right hand know what his left hand does."

* * *

WOOF!

Hubby: "How do you like my new stenographer?"

Wife: "I can't say that I like her type."

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

* * *

Parent: "What is your reason for wishing to marry my daughter?"

Young Man: "I have no reason, sir; I am in love."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

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